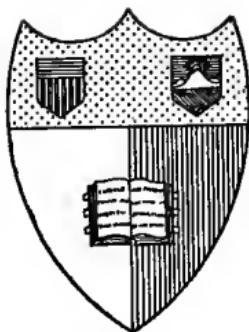


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# **A GARDEN OF REMEMBRANCE**

By JAMES TERRY WHITE

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FLOWERS FROM ARCADIA

CAPTIVE MEMORIES

FOR LOVERS AND OTHERS

CHARACTER LESSONS FROM AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY

A GARDEN OF REMEMBRANCE

# A Garden of Remembrance

By

JAMES TERRY WHITE

"

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1918 AE

## **ACKNOWLEDGMENT**

Grateful acknowledgment is made to the respective Publishers for permission to use the verses, which are reprinted from The Century, Harper's Monthly, Munsey's, Ainslee's, Independent, Smart Set, Christian Register, New York Observer, Boston Transcript, New York Sun, Springfield Republican, Pacific Unitarian, Art World, and other periodicals.

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## APPRECIATION

"For one star differeth from another star in glory." Not all writers of verse make the same appeal to the same public. That which to some is strong meat, or perhaps a savoury tidbit, is to others caviare. It cannot be gainsaid that in these days there are many carvers and polishers of cherrystones, but if the results are good who shall proclaim the labor valueless? It is never safe to prophesy that this or that writer will be remembered and read in the far-reaching future. Herrick, whom our author resembles in his joy of life and May-time spirit, has come safely down the stream of time in a tiny shallop, while the producer of many a ponderous epic has been engulfed beneath the tide. That the poems contained in this little volume are not great, in the sense that they are either epical or epochal, no one will more readily concede than their unassuming author; but that there are numerous sweet and tender verses here, all of them informed with genuine lyrical fire, few who read them will deny. In the house of song there are many mansions—some for the "mighty mouth'd inventors of harmonies," like the "organ-voiced" Milton, and some for those who breathe their delicate melodies through oaten straws. Not all of us would wish to sit forever listening to the tremendous music of the sea; now and then a weary spirit loves

to loiter by the brookside and hearken to the chiming of its fairy bells. So this unpretentious book needs no excuse for its being. It has the flavor of the day of Suckling, or Sydney, and the singer plays upon the chords of the heart with rare touch; the delicacy of the verse reminds one of the exquisite ivory of old miniatures. Such lyrics as "Gentle Shepherdess of Sheep," "The Thought of You," "Sympathy," and "Elusive Happiness" will linger long in the memory. If we mistake not, musical composers will find here a veritable mine of suggestions—and indeed many of these songs have already received a musical setting. The attentive reader will easily recall such unforgettable lines as—

"Like violets in an unexpected place."

"And why should life the future dread?  
Love now hath immortality."

"A blessedness that far outweighs  
The unforgotten pain,"

and there are many others equally quotable. The poems of a religious cast are characterized by a gravity and beauty of expression well befitting the solemn nature of their theme. But enough. The door is open. Let those who will, enter in.

JAMES B. KENYON.

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## A GARDEN OF REMEMBRANCE

*"The heart is a garden; remembrance is its sweetest flower."*



## PROEM

*A SINGER sitting in the sun  
Found that the gift of love outweighs  
All others when the day is done,  
And is the only joy that stays.*

*Because his soul's affections stir,  
To him the rose but typified  
The charm and loveliness of her  
Whose beauty blessed and satisfied.*

*He knew love's tender touch and "Hail,"  
That turn earth's mournful sigh to smile;  
He saw the vision of the Grail,  
And so he sang of love, the while.*

*He felt that in the ordered round  
Of Nature, life is incomplete,  
If soul is by no Future crowned,  
And so this hope his songs repeat.*

*He strove on chords of tenderness  
To play, if haply he who hears  
May find a quiet happiness  
That banishes regret and tears.*

*Though in the structure of his lays  
There be no minaret nor spire,  
Within, the incense and the praise  
May quicken all the soul's desire.*

*These songs keep whispering in my ear,  
From every bird and rill and tree,  
Of memories so sweet and dear,  
I needs must strive, with smile and tear,  
To tempt them to captivity.*

*Bound into verse, they are the fee  
Most willingly my glad heart pays  
Unto the boatman, Memory,  
Who ferries me o'er time to thee,  
The inspiration of my lays.*

## THE THOUGHT OF YOU

I THOUGHT of you;  
What wireless voices of the air  
Insistent beat upon my ear,  
Till, somehow, I am made aware  
Of you, and know that you are near,  
Because I thought of you.

I think of you;  
And the sweet thought a fragrance lends  
To every place where I may be;  
So sweet—I know that it portends  
That you are thinking, too, of me,  
The while I think of you.

I think of you;  
And I forget life's sordid whirl,  
The thwarted hope, the baffled aim,  
In the enjoyment of that Pearl ~~—~~  
Beyond the price of wealth and fame,  
I have received from you.

The thought of you—  
Fond memories and hopes it blends;  
From sore dejection keeps me free;  
It for your absence makes amends  
To know that you still think of me,  
And wake my thought of you.

My thought of you—  
Even love not more of joy reveals  
Unto my heart; and is love aught  
But what the heart perceives and feels,  
And then makes captive to the thought—  
As mine enfoldeth you?

#### A TRYST WITH SPRING

THERE is magic in the sunshine,  
There's a spell in every breeze;  
There's a call in leaf and blossom  
For a tryst with flowers and trees,  
And a witchery of fragrance  
Breathes enchantment on the air.  
Is the lure, the flowers and fragrance?  
Or, the hope to find you there?

## BETWEEN MY THOUGHT AND THEE

THE past hath boasted of its wonders seven;  
The present hath its marvels yet more fair,  
Of wireless bridges of the sentient air,  
Of foaming torrents spanned and mountains riven;

But I have reared a structure, rarer even,  
That reaches to the skies—an ethereal stair,  
Whose deep foundations rest upon my care—  
The bridge between my thought and thee and Heaven.

Vain boast, that I this marvel have achieved;  
Such graceful shafts of beauty I ne'er planned,  
Such arches, with their golden pillars, sheaved  
Of sunshine, and with loveliness o'er-spanned,  
And towers of blessedness—I ne'er conceived;  
Nay, nay! I builded not, it was thy hand.

## BETWEEN THESE LEAVES

BETWEEN these leaves a fruitage grows,  
Which in perpetual sunshine glows;  
It cheers the heart, dries tear-filled eyes,  
And with a breath of Paradise  
Scents every breeze that through them blows.

Besides this harvest which bestows  
On all refreshment and respose,  
For you, another hidden lies  
Between these leaves:—

Friendship, untouched by winter snows;  
Ripened affection that outgrows  
This earthly clime, and death defies;  
And memories—these but comprise  
A tithe of what my thoughts enclose  
Between these leaves.

## WHEN LOVE AND I WENT MAYING

WHEN Love and I went maying, all ablaze  
With beauty were the woods, and blooming sprays  
Dropped showers of petaled sweetness on the air.  
I never knew the world could be so fair,  
Or that the May could pipe such tuneful lays.

And heart and soul were lost in such a maze  
Of happiness, that evening's purple haze  
Stole down on that fair day, all unaware,  
When Love and I went maying.

I said to Love, "Let us not part; our ways  
Are one." Love looked at me with wistful gaze,  
And answered, "Where thou farest I will fare."  
And Love has kept through life that promised care;  
But memory treasures still those perfumed days,  
When Love and I went maying.

## THE FIRST KISS

IS touch of lips all of a kiss?  
It is a touch of hearts, a thought  
Of heaven, a golden woof of bliss  
Into life's homely warp enwrought.  
Thereafter, life is never quite the same;  
That thread of gold embroiders it with flame.

## THE WHOLE OF LIFE

**T**O some a little thing love seems;  
To me it is the whole of life's pursuit,  
The only inspiration of my lute;  
Love opens vistas of delights,  
Leads me to unimagined heights  
Of happiness, and vouchsafes gleams  
That lift my thoughts to lovelier dreams;  
It brings new ravishment  
From ever fresh displays of charm and grace,  
Like the enticing scent  
Of violets in an unexpected place.

## THE FULLNESS OF DAYS

**N**O longer uneventful are my days;  
So full are they of pageants of the past,  
So crowded with sweet thoughts that tune my lays,  
So redolent of a remembered rose  
That blossomed in youth's garden—and still blows—  
Each day seems more transcendent than the  
last.

## DREAMS

**G**ENTLE shepherdess of dreams,  
From the vales of singing streams,  
From the mountains of delight,  
Gather in my heart to-night  
All the scattered flocks of bliss,  
Folded in love's fostering kiss!  
Pastured thus in memory,  
Why should I seek Arcady?

Let me send, sweet friend, to you  
Garlanded with violets blue,  
These dear waifs—if haply they  
In your memory may stay.  
As they crowd about your feet,  
Heed your footsteps, I entreat,  
And step lightly, as beseems,  
Lest you tread upon love's dreams.

## REMEMBRANCE

**I**S there in your “heart’s garden”  
Remembrance of a rose  
That still persists in blooming,  
Despite of winter snows?

## MY FIRST SWEETHEART

YEARS cannot dull the thoughts I hold  
    Of days when at her side was heaven;  
But she was only twelve years old,  
    And I—I was not yet eleven.

Though sunset's sheen is in her hair,  
    The dew of morning yet remains;  
And still, of time all unaware,  
    Her heart the bloom of youth retains.

Her hands still keep their 'customed zeal—  
    Such kindly hands that never knew,  
So stirred with their desire to heal,  
    That aught were easier to do.

Yet with the change, I only see  
    That little girl of long ago,  
Feel her responsive lips—ah me!  
    Can age the bliss of youth outgrow!

## WHAT'S IN A NAME?

ENTANGLED in these simple, singing chimes  
    Lingers a memory of olden times,  
Lost for a while, but later found again;  
    Enshrined within my mind and heart, my pen  
Needs but her name to beautify the rhymes.

## LARGESSE

WHY is it thoughts of her take wing  
In every place?

That in my heart the birds all sing?  
That lovely objects ever bring  
To me her face,  
To which new charms and beauty cling  
With added grace?

And when I seek love's blessedness  
To realize,  
'Tis not that I her heart possess,  
It is in my own love's largesse  
The great joy lies—  
That I myself may love and bless,  
And kiss her eyes.

## THE WILDERNESS WERE PARADISE ENOW

THE nightingale all through the night  
Responsive sings with silver throat,  
But how can I sweet songs indite,  
Without an answering note?

Sometimes I dream the bird has flown,  
So deep and lone the silence reigns;  
Yet, how can I e'er be alone,  
When memory remains?

*—Set to music by Liza Lehman.*

## THE SONG WITHOUT WORDS

LURED by conspiring skies and breeze,  
We strolled beneath remembered trees,  
To take our last farewell.

The witching stillness of the wood  
Made even silence understood,  
So much we dared not tell;

For now the time had come to part,  
And that we both possessed a heart  
Alas! we had forgot.

We looked into each other's eyes,  
And both saw there the Paradise  
Forbidden to our lot.

Yet heart clasped heart and lip met lip,  
In seal of soul's companionship,  
Forgetting 'twas farewell.

Then coming from I know not where  
A song filled all the summer air,  
And bound me in its spell.

Was it a bird that sang that song,  
Which in my memory has dwelt long,  
And which still satisfies?

Was it a bird, or my own heart?  
For now it seems no more a part  
Of wood, or breeze, or skies.

Though years have sped, and fate ordains  
We ne'er shall meet, that tryst remains  
    A fadeless immortelle;  
And ever in my heart that song  
Sings on, hope's promise to prolong,  
    Regardless of farewell.

#### FROM A ROSEBUD

WHO from a rosebud can bring forth a rose?  
    Yet cometh one with a song and a smile,  
And in its bosom an ecstasy glows,  
Thrilling its heart till its petals unclose,  
    And with its fragrance love-longings beguile.

Only a smile and a song! But wherein  
    Lies the great secret—the key to this power?  
Deeper than life must its birth-throes begin;  
Soul must meet soul where the nebulae spin;  
    Hearts must be one, to engender love's flower.

## ASTRAY

A KISS is but a fleeting thing—  
A singing bird upon the wing;  
And yet, remembered through the years,  
Remembered with both joy—and tears.

'Tis like the Alpine gentian flower;  
Though seeming born but for an hour,  
Its roots reach to the Tyrol's heart,  
And take of its immortal part.

Affection loses half its bliss,  
If not companioned with a kiss;  
And life is lonely, if bereft  
Of the sweet guerdon love has left.

The kisses that keep flowers abloom  
In life's deserted, empty room,  
Too rarely to the heart come nigh  
For one to lightly pass them by.

And in each heart there is a grave,  
Where bended knees forever crave  
Some alms of memory, to repay  
For one lost kiss—that went astray.

But if it be one singing bird  
Across the distance still is heard,  
What wraith of hopelessness can rise  
To cloud the path to Paradise?

So, though it be a fleeting thing—  
A singing bird upon the wing,  
    Take heed it goeth not astray,  
For you may need that kiss some day.

### A MEMORY OF ITALY

**I**N the still depths of her clear eyes  
I see Tyrolean lakes of blue,  
And know not whether 'tis the hue,  
Reflected from Italian skies,  
    Or from her heart's deep tenderness.  
I see again cathedral heights  
New tinted with a glowing sheen,  
And know not whether 'tis a scene  
Remembered, or the newer lights  
    Of a transfigured happiness.

## THE POET SINGS

THE poet sings—perchance of woods and streams,  
And the poor prisoner, bound in city walls,  
Forgets the bondage of his lot, and dreams  
He hears again the far-off forest-calls,  
The lullaby of brooks and waterfalls,  
And sees Heaven's stair in sunlight's slanting beams.

The poet sings—and quickened memory  
Rewakes the harmonies of past delights :—  
Affection's half-forgotten melody,  
The wistful, wooing lay that love indites,  
The singing silence in the star-lit nights—  
More musical than any mistrely.

The poet sings—and even listless ears  
Hear mingled melodies unheard till now :—  
The harmony of the revolving spheres,  
The onward rush of life's adventurous prow,  
The benediction of the bending bough,  
The growing bond which all mankind endears.

## REVISITED

**A**S I retread the lane that stands  
Between my youth and Arcady,  
Even the grass waves welcome hands,  
And all the wild flowers nod to me.

Again the birds tell where is hid  
A little nest beneath the eaves,  
And croon of nestlings, cradled mid  
The woven softness of its leaves.

“The Pines” breathe low a boyhood air;  
“The Mall” brings back a lover’s tryst;  
This gate recalls where golden hair,  
Entangled in my heart, was kissed.

Each step with memories is rife,  
As I retread youth’s dear domain;  
What more is there to ask of life,  
When I go down this Lover’s Lane?

The absent ones, they are not dead;  
Unseen they come to welcome me;  
And why should life the future dread?  
Love now hath immortality.

## THE FLOWERS OF JUNE

### I

THESE flowers of June  
The gates of memory unbar;  
These flowers of June  
Such old-time harmonies retune,  
I fain would keep the gates ajar,  
So full of sweet enchantment are  
These flowers of June.

### II

Was it the bloom of the laurel sprays,  
That wakened remembrance of singing birds?  
Or, was it the charm of remembered words,  
That set my heart singing through somber days?  
I longed for the summer-time, flower and tree;  
And lo! the summer-time came with thee.  
The bloom is no more, but the charm still stays.

## WHENCE IS THIS FRAGRANCE?

WHENCE is this fragrance, my senses delighting?  
Is it the roses, affection brings me—  
Troth of the passionate Springtime replighting?  
Nay; 'tis my Thought—from thinking of thee.

## ONLY AN IVY LEAF!

ONLY an ivy leaf!  
Remnant of dreams and of hope forward winging,  
Blown from my youth, sweet memories bringing,  
    Keeping my heart from grief,  
Keeping the rapture, when life was all singing,  
Love but a kiss—and its fragrance still clinging,  
    All from an ivy leaf!

Only an ivy leaf?  
Thousands of yesterdays hide in its keeping;  
Years only add to the measure still heaping  
    Surety to heart's belief.  
I have made truce with death: there'll be no weeping,  
If at the end, love will bring to my reaping  
    Only this ivy leaf.

Only an ivy leaf  
Out of the past. While its joy still confessing,  
Out of the present comes new efflorescing,  
    Even though held in fief  
Just for companionship. Ah! but the blessing,  
If from your bounty my thought were caressing  
    Only an ivy leaf!

## CAN I FORGET?

CAN I forget the fragrance,  
That perfumed all my way—  
That turned the gray-haired winter  
Into perpetual May?

Can I forget the soothing  
Of gentle, willing hands,  
That bound the wounds of failure  
With pity's healing bands?

Can I forget the hand-clasp,  
When friendship was begun—  
The smiles and tears of passion,  
The kiss, that made us one?

There may be a forgetting  
Of love and hope now fled,  
Of bliss and parting anguish,  
Dear heart—when I am dead.

## THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER

O LOVE, teach me the prayer that Nature prays,  
While lowly kneeling,  
I seek celestial paths to truth and ways  
Of heavenly healing !

*Light Thou the lamp of love within my heart,  
And keep it burning!*

Not love of me, be made the greater part  
Of love's returning,

But mine, that holdeth all humanity  
In its enfolding;  
That giveth all, in lavish charity,  
And nought withholding.

The bees, the flowers, the grass touch heart and lip  
In constant wooing.

And all earth's creatures seek companionship,  
Life's end pursuing.

But these are loves—not Love; so great a thing  
Is love eternal,  
Thought may not reach with utmost stretch of wing  
Its heights supernal;

The stars are but the dust beneath Love's feet,  
Yet this immortal  
Can be held close between two hearts that meet  
Within life's portal,

And be enmeshed in the enfolding net  
    Of earth's existence;  
Within the mother's arms its joy is set  
    With sweet persistence;  
  
Friends clasp its hand, and wedded lives have part  
    In its caresses;  
Great minds, deep natures and the pure in heart  
    Find its recesses.

The soul finds in this love a heavenly tie,  
    Ever believing  
The intimations of the things that lie  
    Beyond perceiving—

Not seen, but known; of things not held, but felt;  
    Of things not measured  
In certainty, but in rich promise dealt,  
    And in hope treasured.

Love breathes eternity, and the soul knows  
    By intuition,  
Love immortality on life bestows  
    For its fruition.

#### L'ENVOI

To me there comes today assurance clear,  
    Without restriction,  
That love finds its fruition even here—  
    And benediction;

How can I of Love's bounty be bereft,  
Or lose its blessing,  
When you a pearl of memory have left  
For my possessing?

May love's clear flame be lighted in your heart  
For life's sojourning!  
And would that I had some small grace and art  
To keep it burning!

THERE ISN'T ANY ONE TO PLAY  
WITH ANY MORE  
*(The Last Words of Mark Twain)*

THE glow is fading from the western sky,  
And one by one my comrades, as of yore,  
Have given up their play, and said, good-bye;  
There isn't any one to play with any more!

Don't cry, dear heart! for I am worn and old;  
No longer have I gifts within my store;  
E'en love's best gifts to me, I could not hold;  
There isn't any one to play with any more!

I miss the tender hand-clasp of old friends,  
The kisses of the loved ones gone before;  
'Tis lonely, when the heart first comprehends  
There isn't any one to play with any more!

## ONLY A LITTLE WHILE

ONLY a little while  
May we together stay,  
For onward both must fare  
Upon the way.

Only a little while  
Can we our cheer prolong—  
Your tender, helpful touch,  
My simple song!

And when the day is done,  
And ashes quench the fire,  
We each will say, farewell,  
And slay desire.

We go our separate ways;  
But how can we forget,  
As the slow years go by,  
That we have met!

For one, 'twill ever be  
A golden episode—  
An oasis of rest,  
Upon the road.

And you?—how will it be  
With you? Can you forget?  
Will it, too, be a loss  
And a regret?

### THREE ANGELS

WHEN all the world was fair and life was new,  
Three angels came to me, who brought the clue  
To heaven. One was love—by birth, divine;  
One, hope—light of the way, and one was—you.

Love brought to earth the music of the spheres;  
Hope bade the heart to listen through its tears;  
And you—you were the sweet interpreter  
Of Heaven's strains to earth's untutored ears.

First you took flight. Earth had no witchery  
To tempt delight, or win affection's plea;  
Then hope lost heart, and with despairing tears  
Departed, leaving only—love and me.

But love has stayed with me the long way through;  
And, disappointment's burden to undo,  
Has brought me new and not less dear delights—  
The deathless memories of hope—and you.

### HOPE DEFERRED

EMPTY of happiness life slips away,  
Leaving deferred the hope I most esteem.  
Let not the winter sunset of my day  
Enfold me,—with love's promise gone astray,  
Nor fail of the fulfillment of my dream!

## THE UNFORGOTTEN PAIN

O LOVE thy flower I have pressed  
Against my heart all torn;  
But while it fondly was caressed,  
It pierced me with its thorn.

That wound has left my heart forlorn,  
For ere I knew it pained,  
The flower faded with the morn,  
And only pain remained.

My flower gathering is o'er;  
The autumn sunset wanes;  
The flowers I gathered are no more—  
Only the pain remains.

And yet the flower's fragrance stays;  
Its memories remain  
A blessedness, that far outweighs  
The unforgotten pain.

## WITH LOVE FORGOT

O F all accomplishment dismembered  
Is life, with love forgot—  
When I, alas! am unremembered,  
And I remember not.

## MEMORIES OF CORTINA

MEMORIES of Alpine heights,  
Argosies of wine and myrrh,  
Rarest of all rare delights  
Gather round the thought of her.  
Aromas of the hills and vines  
Rival her footsteps to proclaim;  
Even in these simple lines  
Trails the fragrance of her name.

My friend, I wonder if this Autumn rose  
About your path its pristine fragrance throws?  
Recalls a mingled scent of rose and rhyme,  
Garnered from memories of a summer-time?  
And e'en though fate may cast it in the mire,  
Reft of its trellis it will still aspire;  
E'en though it be tossed under heedless feet,  
To him who sends it 'twill be ever sweet.

Must I blot out that golden gleam  
Athwart the pathway of delight;  
Return to silence and the night;  
Give up that new-found Pearl, beyond  
All price, because my over-fond  
Restrainless hopes insistent dream—  
E'en as the lilies in the bud  
Try their sweet promise to redeem?

## THANKSGIVING

WITHIN our hearts what happy memories well  
To-day, and a new thankfulness compel!  
The bygone years return with only their  
Remembered tenderness, and, unaware  
Of age and change, the old-time love retell.

But while we feast, we cannot quite dispel  
Regret for lost ones whom we love so well.

Yet why thus grieve? There is no vacant chair  
Within our hearts.

Ah! friends, does not this constant love foretell  
A future greeting, for each last farewell?  
Even to-day we tread the Heavenly stair,  
And now their immortality we share,  
If our belovèd ones thus ever dwell  
Within our hearts.

## SYMPATHY

SIMPLY a touch of the hand,  
One little word;  
Sunshine spread over the land;  
Then sang a bird.

Sunshine may give place to rain,  
Hope be deferred;  
But through the loss and the pain,  
Still sings the bird.

—*Set to music by Liza Lehman.*

## NOT FOR ONE ONLY

NOT for One only—although she be dearest;  
Not for the loved ones, affection has gained;  
But for all hearts, who have seen the Rose-vision,  
E'en though the Rose may be still unattained.

For the forgotten whose love dream is over;  
Those, who still water dead flow'r's in love's room;  
For those glad lovers whose hopes are accomplished;  
For all who love—are these rose-thoughts in bloom.

More than my thought are these verses enfolding;  
Others will find, that for them they contain  
Memories sweet, that their own love is holding—  
Holding in trust until hearts meet again.

## L'ENVOI

*I KNOW the garment of my praise  
Is neither beautiful nor new;  
'Tis made for warmth on wintry days;  
Still it may charm in other ways,  
For you will find, if hem you raise,  
The broidery of my thought of you.*

*As greeting for life's festal days,  
I send these gathered thoughts, in lieu  
Of fading flowers or costly vase,  
To be, perchance, a song of praise—  
A blessedness which with me stays,  
If I the joy may share with you.*

IN SA'DI'S ROSE GARDEN

**T**O hold fast memory, trust not fleeting flowers  
To deck your wassail bowls and lover's bowers!  
These earth-born blossoms wither all too soon;  
A rose blooms only for a few short hours.

*But here, a book of roses has been made,  
In which the perfumes of the past are laid.*

*When flowers wither then remembrance flies,  
But roses from this book will never fade.*

—Paraphrased from the  
Preface of Sa'di's *Guilistan*."

## IN SA'DI'S ROSE GARDEN

### I

#### DOETH FRAGRANCE VANISH WITH THE ROSE?

O HAPLESS Vase! And how doth it befall  
Thy cast-out fragments so much scent enclose?  
*This sweetness is not of myself at all,  
But once, O Sa'di, once I held a rose.*

Blest lot! With me a sweetness also stays;  
It scents the chamber of my dreams, and strows  
With happy, perfumed memories my days;  
Keeps life abloom. I, too, once held a Rose.

How could these idle songs of mine perfume  
Another's empty vase; or tune life's prose  
To poetry—keep memory abloom  
With joy, unless I once had held a rose?

## II

### A BREATH OF HEALING

WHENCE comes this draught of healing for the soul  
With all the mystery of hope, the toll  
Of joy, and promise of such peace and rest,  
That makes life's broken chalice once more whole?

Is it a breeze of lily-scented May  
From verdant plains; or memories of Cathay  
That with the caravans of attar come?  
It is her bosom's fragrant breath astray?

## III

### EACH MORN A THOUSAND ROSES BRINGS

SHE is so sweet,  
The clover-blossoms eager stand  
To kiss her feet;  
While I, who may not kiss her hand,  
Bless all the wild flowers in the land.

She is so fair,  
The wanton breeze vies with the bee  
To kiss her hair;  
And all the froward world seems free  
To take what she denies to me.

IV  
A GARDEN WRAITH

SWEET presence, that so charms my soul,  
Must thou forever be unviewed?  
Must thou my longing ne'er console—  
My seeking arms always elude?

Art thou a disembodied joy?  
Love's lost delight now sought in vain?  
A memory, time cannot cloy,  
Of passion's ecstasy—and pain?

*No, Sa'di; but I can atone  
For life's arrears; my breath bestows  
A gift, to all but thee unknown;  
I am the Fragrance of a Rose.*

V  
UNFULFILLED DESIRE

**A** ROSE; Life hath unnumbered roses strown  
Across my path; and they were all so fair,  
I did not note if one, perchance, had thrown  
Its branches round my heart—and still clings there.

But once I found in far off Khorassan  
Earth's perfect bloom—an exquisite, white rose;  
It blossomed high above the reach of man,  
Peerless and pure as its own mountain snows.

Afar I watched its growth and grace sublime,  
Its ever-new surprises of delight—  
Ah, Allah! if I could but upward climb  
Unto the rare perfection of that height!

*Still strive, O Sa'di! To the unattained  
Thy poet soul forever must aspire;  
My virgin bloom to thee were naught, if gained;  
I am the Rose of unfulfilled desire.*

VI  
THY PERFUMED HEART

O ROSE of my desire, through all my days  
The beauty of thy fragrant perfectness  
Will yearnings of the heart and soul upraise,  
And all the energies of mind impress.

And if life's ministry may not suffice  
To gain what I have sought with utmost breath,  
Life even will I give to pay the price,  
And on glad wings will seek thee—after death.

For what is death? Only life's battle fought;  
A folding of the hands from care's release;  
A gathering mist o'erclouding sight and thought;  
Then Allah's greeting voice, *With thee be peace!*

An interval of blissful, dreamless rest;  
And then a song voiced by the starry choir  
That wakens to new life; then thy white breast  
And perfumed heart, O Rose of my desire!

VII  
SEND ME A ROSE

SEND me a rose—imprinting  
A kiss of your content;  
What if its blush is hinting,  
The rose holds more than scent?—

A rose of your own tending  
That grafts your gentleness  
Upon its beauty, blending  
Its grace with your caress.

May not one rosebud growing  
Within your garden close,  
Be trusted with the knowing  
Your kiss hides in the rose?

VIII  
A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT

IS it a rose,  
Or but a phantom of delight  
That only blows  
Upon imagination's height?

Or a love-spell?  
Blent with the perfume of her heart,  
I cannot tell  
Its fragrance and her love apart.

Within its bloom  
So much of joy it holds for me,  
There is but room  
In it for love and me—and thee.

## IX

### NOT BY BREAD ALONE

**I**F thou of fortune be bereft,  
And thou dost find but two loaves left  
To thee—sell one, and with the dole  
Buy hyacinths to feed thy soul.

But not alone does beauty bide  
Where bloom and tint and fragrance hide;  
The minstrel's melody may feed  
Perhaps a more insistent need.

But even beauty, howe'er blent  
To ear or eye, fails to content;  
Only the heart, with love afire,  
Can satisfy the soul's desire.

## X

### COMPANIONSHIP

**T**RUE friendship brings the heart delight and rest,  
In which life's lasting memories are blent;  
Companionship is friendship at its best,  
And more—it is fulfillment of love's quest,  
The consummation of the heart's content.

## XI

### THE WORTH OF A FRIEND

**T**EACH me, Belovèd, how to make  
My life as beautiful as thine;  
Like thee, to live for others' sake,  
And share with all my oil and wine!

Teach me, in lavish alms, like thee  
The harvest of my heart to spend!  
*Nay! nay! No virtue is in me—*  
*My inspiration is a Friend.*

*Love taught that giving is to pray;*  
*That bounteous gifts increase one's store;*  
*And Hyacinths, if given away,*  
*But feed the famished soul the more.*

## XII

### A GIFT OF FLOWERS

**W**IILT thou befriend these flowers I send—  
A tribute all too slender  
For what thy thought to me hath brought  
Out of its lavish splendor?

They're meant to grace an empty vase,  
And bear a fragrance tender;  
If lost, the scent, take the intent,  
With greetings of the sender.



## ELUSIVE HAPPINESS

THIS faint aroma of the Box,  
Eluding all attempt to find  
Wherein it lies—  
Is it love's spirit, memory locks  
In haunted chambers of the mind,  
When friendship dies?

Or, is it the divine caress  
Love promises—but ne'er bestows—  
Which still invites?  
The phantom of a happiness  
That vanished with the earliest rose—  
But yet delights?

Is it the song of last year's bird?  
The ghost of the unspoken word  
Love ventured not,  
When love looked back, then went his way?  
The unvoiced word love meant to say—  
And then forgot?

.

## THE BIRTH OF AFFECTION

WAS it a dream,  
Or, but a wakened singing bird?  
Why did it seem  
So like reality? It stirred  
My soul with its delicious strain  
To joy supreme—  
Then fled to its retreat again.

Was it a sigh,  
That from an overburdened heart  
Came wandering by?  
To give it shelter every art  
I tried, if I, perchance, its quest  
Might satisfy.  
But what have I for such a guest?

Was it a smile?  
'Twas tenderness and sweetness blent,  
Which all the while  
Like summer sunshine, came and went.  
Ah! can I e'er obtain the grace,  
That may beguile  
Such sweetness from its hiding-place?

Was it a hope?  
It was a glimmer in the night,  
Wherein I grope,  
Which I would woo to brighter light  
Of comradeship. Could I but stand  
Within its scope,  
I then might find the Promised Land.

What was it, dear?  
A dream?—a hope?—a smile?—a sigh?  
It was sincere  
And fond affection's wistful cry;  
The warmth of friendship's genial fire  
And gentle cheer;—  
The blossoming of heart's desire.

### SHE GAVE ME A ROSE

**S**HE gave me a rose  
When I asked for a kiss;  
Am I to suppose  
She gave me a rose,  
Her heart to disclose,  
Or my suit to dismiss?  
Yet she gave me a rose,  
When I asked for a kiss.

## PROPOSAL

**A** BIDE with me, O gentle guest!  
Thy presence brings to me sweet rest;  
Thy hands bring soothing to my brow;  
Thy words such sympathy avow,  
Thy going leaves me all unblest.

Still fairer shall thy bower be dressed;  
Anticipated each request;  
One song thy life shall be, if thou  
Abide with me.

I would not longer have thee guest;  
I cannot hold thee uncaressed  
So near my heart. Sweet love, be thou  
My bride; Love's tenderest name allow,  
And ever in his happy nest  
Abide with me.

—*Set to music by Ethelbert Nevin.*

## SHIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT

**W**HEN we so near each other sail,  
And see the other's signal light,  
Must we miss one another's Hail,  
Like ships that pass in the night?

## A SUPPLIANT

HER face sometimes in deep regret  
Is sad, I know;  
Her eyes sometimes with tears are wet—  
Like a dew-laden violet—  
And overflow;  
Her heart sometimes I grieve—and yet  
I love her so.

A suppliant, I tell my beads,  
With tears and sighs,  
Till her compassion intercedes  
With love, to pardon thoughtless deeds.  
My one joy flies  
If she my love no longer needs,  
And her love—dies.

And at her feet on bended knees  
In tears I pray,  
“Come back, come back! Your own heart sees  
That life hath nought for me but lees  
With you away.  
I want that little flower, Heartsease,  
To keep for aye.”

## IN SPRING'S DISGUISE

SHE came youth-bosomed, cherry-cheeked with  
sunshine,  
And all the flowers came forth to kiss her feet;  
The bees retuned their humming to her singing,  
And all the birds her song strove to repeat.

She came, attired in apple-bloom and fragrance—  
God's promise diademed upon her brow.  
Men saw her radiant youth, and called her, Springtime;  
But Sweetheart, only I knew it was—thou.

## THE CLUE

WHEN my spirits droop low and life's strivings  
seem vain,  
It is you, who revives and uplifts them again;  
And the thread unto which I hold fast as the clue  
To lead back from this maze of dejection—is you.

## MY FRIEND

**M**Y gentle Friend:  
I call her "Friend"; what other name  
A nearer fellowship can claim?  
A lover's ardor might confer  
A tenderer name awhile on her;  
A husband's pride for brief space might  
In some sweet, household name delight;  
But I—I call her simply "Friend"—  
The name in which all others blend.

What doth she send?  
She sends approving words of cheer;  
To all my grief lends listening ear;  
And burdens which she cannot share,  
With gentle counsel helps me bear.

Whate'er our will,  
It lies not always in our power  
To light another's darkest hour;  
But to relieve and heal, while he  
Endures alone his agony—  
This is true friendship's gift benign,  
And is above all gifts divine.  
This gift she is to me—a rest,  
A joy, that ever makes me blest,  
And more blest still.

And what have I to give my friend,  
Worth half the blessings that attend

Her constant ministry? Can I  
A single need of hers supply  
With my poor flowers?  
I only know, when I would bless,  
I must all loving words repress,  
Count every eager impulse vain;  
What gifts can my poor hands contain,  
For her dark hours?  
I may but hold her till the end  
In that sweet, faithful word, "My Friend."

## CAMARADERIE

### I

**N**OT frequent speech, nor even length of years  
Is it, on which a comradeship depends—  
Nor ties of blood. A smile ofttimes endears;  
A pressure of the hand—and, we are friends.

### II

A friend is the gift that one gives to one's self—  
Too valued to be the gift of another;  
But far above wisdom or beauty or pelf  
Is a comrade—the gift that we give to each other.

## SONG

COULD I but hide me in a rose,  
And, pillow'd on her gentle breast,  
Against her maiden heart respose,  
And be unconsciously caressed!

Could I but hide me in a rose,  
That I might in her bosom lie!  
I would such gentleness disclose  
As would its tenderness outvie.

Could I but hide me in a rose,  
That I might breathe about her heart  
The blithe contentment love bestows—  
Its joy and me she could not part!

Could I but hide me in a rose,  
I would such blissful fragrance breathe,  
Her heart would waken, and, who knows?  
I might her bridal garland wreath!

## THE JOY OF LOVING

IS it so wonderful  
That from the round of daily strife,  
I rest awhile, and flowers cull  
To feed my hungry soul and life?  
The joy of a sweet memory  
Is not so great a mystery.

But why should ever I complain,  
If in my love she hath no part?  
Sufficient unto me the gain,  
That she lives ever in my heart.  
The thought of her my soul inspires—  
A ministry that never tires.

Today the Springtime wakes again  
The flowers from winter's trance of snow;  
The wine of youth is in each vein,  
Love's rose, close to my heart. What though  
She may no thought on me confer?  
I still have left my love for her.

## BEAUTY

**S**AID the rose unto the reed:—  
“Thou art but a worthless weed;  
Why should’st thou to fame aspire,  
Who art sprung but from the mire?

“Royal is my line and state;  
Honored most at feast and fête;  
In every lover’s heart a guest;  
Chosen for my lady’s breast;

“Through all ages bards have sung—  
In all lands, in every tongue—  
Of my loveliness and grace,  
Granting me the honored place.

“Why thus hold thy head so high?  
Thinkest thou with me to vie?  
Graceless offspring of the fen,  
Of what use art thou to men?”

Said the reed:—“Though graceless, thin,  
Man’s chief helper I have been;  
Guide to life and beauty—when  
I, from reed, became a pen.

“Wisdom could not learn, except  
By the records I have kept;  
E’en the poet’s songs were naught,  
Till by me on tablets wrought;

"Need of me there was, to frame  
Even thy pretentious claim.

Man owes all of his fair dower  
To the magic of my power."

Said the poet:—"Nay; the reed  
Ne'er conceived the pen. Indeed,  
Soul did not man's need disclose,  
Till he thought about a rose.

"To detain that vision, then  
From the reed he shaped a pen;  
But the prompting thought man owes  
To the beauty of the rose.

"But though beauty, more than skill,  
Wakes achievements of the will,  
Songs that seek the heart to win  
Come but from the soul within."

#### YET SHE HEARS NOT

**M**Y Love! I call her through the empty woods,  
Adown the winds; and all my votive lays  
Reiterate her name in various moods;  
Yet she hears not, but keeps accustomed ways.

## LOVE'S RECOMPENSE

WHILE through the years my songs were wrought  
From memories of love's tryst and tourney,  
To what a garden love hath brought  
My feet at last to end life's journey!

In this fair garden of delight  
The roses of a lifetime bloom;  
And whether they be red or white,  
Each breathes its own distinct perfume.

One holds the scent of love first born;  
One hath the fragrance of a kiss,  
And one was on her bosom worn,  
And hath partaken of its bliss.

One is that exquisite, white rose  
That opes on fancy's chastened heights—  
A bloom of June mid mountain snows—  
Which most of all the soul delights.

Its charms of beauty, grace and scent,  
Such wealth and blessedness enclose,  
What garden could my soul content,  
That did not hold this ideal rose?

## L'ENVOI

*Dear Friend, though seen by other eyes,  
Your heart must read through all disguise  
What hidden meaning underlies  
This fragrant greeting.*

*For you these humble flowers grow;  
To you their sweet-breathed greetings go—  
The message you already know  
Once more repeating.*

*As summer's heat unfolds the rose,  
So will the heart's warm glow unclose  
That tender flower, that only blows  
From love's entreating;*

*And, haply, as your footsteps wend  
These rose-twined paths, they will portend  
That you shall find your "journeys end  
In lovers meeting."*

**IN ARCADY**

**T**O Arcady hast never been?  
Then let me give the mystic key—  
The password that shall take thee in  
To Arcady.

*Love—love that worketh charity;  
That holdeth all mankind as kin;  
That beareth human sympathy.*

*Love is the only door therein;  
And love, the “open sesame,”  
Whereby thou may’st an entrance win  
To Arcady.*

—Set to music by Ethelbert Nevin.

## POETRY

CAN any one suppose  
The grafting of a rhyme  
Upon the end of prose,  
Makes feeble thoughts sublime?  
As well with scent propose  
To make a weed—a rose!

If one a fragrant rose  
Into the verse entwine,  
It is no longer prose;  
Even the simplest line  
Becomes a singing bird,  
With notes before unheard.

A poem is a dream,  
Made real to him who hears;  
It is a captured gleam  
From the unseen, that cheers,  
And puts the halo's grace  
Around the commonplace—

A glimpse of loveliness;  
A rapture that entreats,  
Though words but half express  
What the mind's eye completes,  
While a sweet music sings  
From subtly cadenced strings.

A poem is the song  
All human hearts translate—  
And ne'er translate it wrong,  
Though inarticulate;  
And this is its high art—  
It lingers in the heart.

### THE TRANSFORMATION

**M**Y heart was but a voiceless reed  
That nodded by a drowsy stream,  
Till thou didst fill it with thy breath—  
Thy breath that waked it from its dream.  
And now it hath become a flute,  
That pipes how blest my life hath been—  
More blest because accompanied  
By music thou hast breathed therein.

### SOMEBODY

**S**OMEBODY keeps all my garden abloom,  
Bringing me treasures, both old and new;  
Somebody's pathway leaves a perfume,  
Which, when I follow it, leads me to yon.  
Somebody sent me a beautiful rose  
Grown in the garden of her good will,  
But I am doubting if somebody knows  
Half of the need that her good wishes fill.

## THE BLUE BIRD

*Maeterlinck's Bird of Happiness*

THE bird housed in my heart, what need  
Has he of more to satisfy—  
With pinions from all bondage freed,  
And the illimitable sky?

The edge of his far-reaching wings  
Revives my life with gentle beat,  
Heals with its soothing touch, and brings  
New strength unto my failing feet.\*

The bird's own self is in my song;  
And even the song is sweeter still  
When my own thought and feeling long  
The need of sympathy to fill.

When love took flight, then fled the bird;  
But to the fugitive I cry,  
"Hast thou for me no lyric word  
That need and longing to supply?"

I ask in turn the nomad cloud,  
The wandering wind, the homeless sea;  
Through woodland wastes I cry aloud,  
"O bird, hast thou forsaken me?"

How can one ask a song from me,  
Who am but the poor instrument?

---

\* The eagle revives his sick mate by brushing her with the tips of his wings.

Ask it of Love, for only he  
The poet is, and can content.

The bird flown from my heart, what need  
Had he of more to satisfy—  
With pinions from all bondage freed,  
And the illimitable sky?

### THE BLUE BIRD'S RETURN

O BLUE Bird, O wild bird,  
Where is thy place of nesting?  
I hear thy song,  
The way along—  
But vain has been my questing.

O Blue Bird, O blithe bird,  
I've found thy place of nesting;  
For when I sing  
Thy song, I bring  
An end to heart's unresting.

O Blue Bird, O dream bird,  
My heart's thy place of nesting;  
For in heart's rest  
Is found thy nest,  
However vain life's questing.

THOU SHALT CALL, AND I WILL ANSWER  
*Jeremiah XXXIII. 3.*

**T**HUS said the Lord:—"As sentinel,  
I stand to guard Love's citadel;  
When Evil's stealthy steps creep near  
That overwhelm thy heart with fear,  
And thou for help shalt call on me,  
Then surely I will answer thee."

O Friend, who standest on the height,  
All panoplied in aureate light,  
To guard the way to love and truth  
Against the world's assault and ruth;  
When lurking foes my post assail  
And all my strength and courage fail  
Before those ambushed doubts and fears  
That sap the faith and trust of years;  
When from my solitude I call  
For words of cheer to lift the pall,  
O thou, whose strength is tenderness,  
And whose commission is to bless—  
Wilt thou not answer, and dispel  
That fearsome dread with, "All is well?"

## COMPLAINT TO SPRING

O SPRING, why lingerest thou so long,  
When all the birds should homeward wing  
Their way with hymeneal song,  
Thou laggard Spring?

And what delayeth thee so long?  
Have birds forgotten to take wing,  
And thou art tethered to their song,  
Forgetful Spring?

Is it the snow of mountain heights  
About the sleeping valley clings,  
And every peeping flower affrights—  
That numbs thy wings?

The little song-bird is a-cold;  
How can joy fill the notes he sings  
Without some sunshine to unfold  
His heart—and wings?

Cannot one timid flower grow,  
In spite of frost and cold, to bring—  
Like the arbutus through the snow—  
Promise of Spring?

And yet, there is one blissful song,  
A never-ending song of Spring—  
And birds of memory prolong  
Its ministering.

It is the sweetest song on earth,  
Which plays upon life's tenderest string—  
The song, remembering the birth  
Of love's sweet spring.

### SPRING'S RETURN

SWEET Spring, thy bloom bedims the snow ;  
Thy fragrant breath is heaven inspired ;  
Even Solomon was never so  
In beauty tired.

Thou must have heard my wistful cry  
Through earth's remotest corners ring,  
That thou could'st even time outfly  
With thy fleet wing.

With telepathic flash and speed,  
Before my song had ceased to sing  
In even my own ears, the need  
Was filled, dear Spring.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ah! Friend, while all greet Spring's return,  
'Tis I am most delighted, now  
Through all disguises I discern  
That it is thou.

In thy fresh bloom and radiance,  
Thou bringest me a new content,  
For there is in thy winsome glance  
Spring's promise blent.

### ADMIRATION

*Sweetest eyes were ever seen.*

—CAMOËNS.

“**S**WEETEST eyes were ever seen.”  
Could the poet e'er devise  
Rarer praise than gave Catrine,  
Sweetest eyes?

And which are the sweetest eyes?  
Soft and melting, lustrous, keen,  
Merry—or demure and wise?  
Eyes that shine with light serene,  
Mirrored from love's happy skies—  
Like thine own, dear, are, I ween,  
Sweetest eyes.

—*Set to music by Ethelbert Nevin.*

### WHEN IT IS DAY

**N**OT till the sunshine of her eyes  
Irradiates my heart and way;  
Not till the mists of absence rise  
Am I made conscious it is day.

## REFUSAL

TWAS said so tenderly,  
"No, dear, it cannot be";  
Her gentle sympathy  
    Half the hurt mending.  
Still 'tis a grievous blow,  
And it is hard to know,  
After my caring so  
    This is the ending.

Ah, well! another flower—  
Child of both sun and shower,  
Earth's fairest, sweetest dower—  
    Mown by the Reaper;  
Yet in my memory pent,  
Stays that sweet flower's scent;  
And all my prayers are blent  
    With one, "God keep her."

## THY FACE

*God's own smile came out;*  
*That was thy face.—BROWNING.*

OGENTLE friend that standest near  
My heart, if in my face be shown  
What seems to thee, God's smile—'tis, dear,  
    But the reflection of thine own.

## EXILED FROM LOVE

**E**XILED indeed from love and joy!  
No more the sunshine of her eyes  
Will light the pathway of my hope  
To Paradise.

What though God's angel drives me forth  
From peace, and all return denies!  
It is enough that I have been  
In Paradise.

What though my heart forever ache!  
What though my eyes forever weep!  
Her loving lips hath given me  
A kiss to keep.

What exile can proscribe my thoughts,  
Or banish me from memory even?  
They will return, and through the bars  
Look into Heaven.

## ONLY THE SONG

**O**F praise and fame alone the embers  
Make warm the singer's lot;  
It is the Song, the world remembers—  
The singer is forgot.

## WHEN LOVE IS DONE

**W**HEN love is done, is nature's sigh;  
The Poet saith, "With dying sun  
The world's light dies"; but all things die,  
When love is done.

Love's skies with clouds are overrun;  
The birds of trustfulness fly by;  
Hope's blossoms wither one by one.

What does the world's praise signify—  
Or, what its prizes e'en when won?  
For me—I only wish to die,  
When love is done.

## AUF WIEDERSEHEN

**W**HY mourn the soon-departing rose?  
Doth not June say, *Auf Wiedersehen?*  
What more enrapturing words than those  
That whisper, "We shall meet again?"

## "SEND FOR ME!"

"**A**ND when you want me, send for me!"  
I wonder if you really meant,  
Or, only you did not foresee,  
All that was in this promise pent?

How could I help but want you, dear,  
Who bring the sunshine to my room?  
Could I, but always want you near—  
The rose that keeps my heart abloom!

What though it may not bloom for me!  
Its blessedness is not forsworn;  
While 'tis my joy the rose to see,  
'Tis more—to miss it, when 'tis gone.

## THE ECHO OF A SONG

YOU would not have me cease to sing?  
Do you not still some comfort find  
In these new melodies that wing  
Their constant flight from heart and mind?

From somewhere echoing notes must come.  
If you forbid the singing, then—  
If doomed forever to be dumb,  
The memory will sing again.

And you, who have so fine an ear,  
Must be acquainted with that song;  
Has it no more the power to cheer?  
Or, have you heard the strains too long?

If I my homage must forego,  
And I no more may ply my art,  
The song although unvoiced, you know  
Will still keep singing in my heart.

## THE SNOW IS IN MY HAIR

THE snow is in my hair, the frost is in my frame,  
The hopes of youth, in age can never be the same.

I would not have you suffer pain and vain regret,  
Perhaps 'twere better that we both should now forget,

Though it has been a rare and wondrous episode  
Upon life's wearisome and uneventful road.

But though, alas! our hands must tear themselves apart,  
I still shall keep this lovely blossom of your heart,

The sweetest, dearest gift of life, to me, e'en though  
To fullest bloom it may for neither of us grow.

With such delight I hold you in my heart's esteem  
No minor chords can ever mar the happy dream.

'Tis only passion robs the casket of its gem,  
But my pure thought stoops but to kiss your garment's  
hem;

The Primrose path my faithful feet have left untrod;  
That door I have kept locked, and left the key with  
God;

It is to friendship all my votive lays belong,  
And no regretful tears shall interrupt this song;

The memories of your ministry my life perfume,  
And how can I forget you made the desert bloom?

## JUNE IN CORTINA

DEAR departed June,  
Thou has left this boon—  
My own heart with fragrance, joy and hope is still in  
tune.

Was there ever known  
Rose that kept full blown  
For so long, with all its grace and beauty still unflown?

Does it bring to you  
Memories anew,  
That still seek a resting place, and will not say, Adieu?

Why must we thus part?  
Has the minstrel's art  
Failed to mend the broken strings that sang within  
your heart?

Is affection lost?  
Can life pay the cost,  
If love, like a faded rose, from the heart be tossed?

If it have not grace  
To fill the empty vase,  
Back on my own heart 'twill turn, for an abiding place.

## ABSENCE

SWEET Friend, since you have gone away,  
The stitches in life's web are dropped;  
All uneventful is the day,  
The music in my heart is stopped,  
  
As humming of a summer bee  
Upon a broken window pane,  
When suddenly he is set free;  
Then silence comes to brood again.

## THE UNATTAINED

I GAVE my wingèd steed full rein,  
And in imagination's skies  
Found what on earth I sought in vain—  
For art may give what love denies.

From life's desires the mind hath wrought  
A purer and diviner flame,  
Which even visualizes thought  
With new delights, beyond a name.

This ideal love is what I've sought  
To fill my need, and be life's guest;  
Love were a dream, unless my thought  
Fulfilled the promise of the quest.

## TO KNOW LOVE CARETH STILL

I SENT my soul into the invisible,  
Some wistful word my far-off friend to tell; —  
And this is what my soul brought back to me:—  
*To know love careth still, and all is well.*

Though searching eyes thy face no longer see,  
My soul is never far, sweet friend, from thee.

What though the hands be sundered? Heart to  
heart,  
In thought, love ever holdeth thee and me.

## LOVE'S SONG SINGS EVER

I N the heart love's song sings ever,  
Though the eyes are brimmed with tears;  
Sings with an increasing sweetness.  
Through the echoing arch of years.

And it stays, and haunts the silence,  
When heart's love is laid away,  
Like the singing harp-string's whisper,  
When the hands have ceased to play.

—*Set to music by Liza Lehman.*  
*and G. Marschal Loepke.*

## ENTREATY

L OVE hath invited you and me—  
A glimpse of Eden to restore—  
To spend our lives in Arcady;  
If Love should seek to close the door,  
Why need affection wish to fly  
From fate and Love's divine behest?  
A willing prisoner am I  
If you are a contented guest.

Love hath invited you and me,  
And waits God's word to close the door;  
And well provided you will be  
With his abundant care and store.  
And why distrust the forge and fire  
That welds love's bonds inseparably?  
True love brings to disrobed desire  
The garments of God's purity.

## MARRIAGE

*I WILL thy lot and portion share;  
Will love and honor thee, and fill  
The measure of thy need, whate'er  
I will.*

This tender flower cherish, till  
In Heaven it blooms more bright and fair—  
For love in Heaven will blossom still;

And love's fair flower hath made thee heir  
To a new life, beyond death's chill;  
Eternity hath heard this dear,  
“I will.”

—*Set to music by Ethelbert Nevin.*

## EPITHALAMIUM

**N**OW in very truth thou art,  
Sweetheart, mine;  
Mine to hold close to my heart;  
Mine to have, and ever prove,  
Arcady is in my love,  
Sweetheart mine.

But before the nuptial door,  
Sweetheart mine,  
Closes on the nevermore,  
That first troth I would approve—  
Arcady is in thy love,  
Sweetheart mine.

Folded in my happy arms,  
Sweetheart mine,  
Crowned with love's transcendent charms,  
Thy content and rapture prove,  
Arcady is mutual love,  
Sweetheart mine.

*—Set to music by Ethelbert Nevin.*

## PATERNITY

A CLOUD came darkening up the west,  
And as its awesome pall drew near,  
It hushed the home with vague unrest,  
And filled my heart with nameless fear.

I heard a rustle as of wings,  
And turning saw Death's angel fill  
The room; then froze life's very springs  
Within me, and my heart stood still.

The dreadful presence, in the gloom,  
Bent o'er my love, smiled, and went by;  
When from the stillness of the room  
There faintly came—a little cry.

And lo! from heaven an angel throng,  
As on that old-time Christmas morn,  
Took up anew their happy song,  
“For unto you a child is born.”

## BIRTHDAY

THE bells were told to ring in glee  
The day when first thou cam'st to be  
Our home's delight; and in my heart,  
By love's supreme, mysterious art,  
These bells have rung unceasingly.

And on this day there comes to me  
Anew the tender memory  
Of that deep joy, which but in part  
The bells were told.

Dear child, in whose sweet eyes I see  
The Heaven that waits above for me,  
How far from me would Heaven depart;  
How comfortless would be my heart,  
If through some darkened day for thee  
The bells were tolled!

## MORE TO BE DESIRED THAN GOLD

*—From the Persian.*

O KING, 'tis justice that I ask of thee,  
And for an equal service but demand  
The same reward. Wherein excelleth he?  
And yet the ring thou gavest him is made  
Of purer gold than that thou gavest me.

*Nay, nay. Of equal valor, loyalty  
And truth hold I ye two—first in the realm;  
And I commanded that the rings should be  
Of equal fineness and of equal weight.  
How have I an injustice wrought on thee?*

O king! this is indeed the truth—in part;  
But with the ring thou gavest him a kiss;  
That kiss hath given—beyond the goldsmith's art—  
An added weight and fineness to the gold,  
For with that kiss, O king, there went thy heart.

## CHRISTMAS

*San Francisco, 1880.*

THE Christmas Bells from hill and tower  
To-night their benedictions shower;  
And on the waves of their sweet chimes,  
Fond thoughts of home and olden times  
Set sail through memory's Golden Gate;  
Deep laden with love's precious freight,  
They speed their homeward course to-night,  
Across the sea, with Ariel flight.

O you, who wait returning sails,  
Whose eyes hope long deferred o'erveils  
With lowering clouds, take heart again!  
For lo! unseen through mist and rain  
Of tears, a thousand white-winged keels,  
Afloat on billowy Christmas peals,  
Seek haven in your hearts to-night,  
Home guided by love's beacon light.

Dear friends, though sundered far and wide,  
Though varied quests our thoughts divide,  
May these rich argosies of love  
My tender, faithful memory prove!  
May they to-night new love awake,  
And in this festal season make  
Your hearts forget the old farewells,  
In greetings brought by Christmas Bells!

## TRUE PATRIOTISM

LIFE'S Rescript simply is to climb,  
Unheeding danger, toil and tire;  
Failure hath no attaint of crime,  
If one persistently aspire.

Kinship with God makes men desire  
To hold the world in closer grip,  
And through love's gentleness acquire  
An altruistic fellowship.

These aspirations have attained  
Ideals for which this Country stands,  
For which our fathers died—now gained  
And delegated to our hands.

This heritage of trust and weal  
Has now become the world's great hope  
For freedom from Oppression's heel,  
For Aspiration's wider scope.

To this world-call, have we reply  
Other than that our fathers gave?  
To guard this trust, what if we die,  
If dying is the way to save!

Humanity hath instant need  
Of loyalty that seeks to serve,  
And even though death were its meed,  
From its ideal it would not swerve.

Life would have nothing worth to give,  
Had men not for their duty died;  
True patriots would scorn to live  
If they the sacrifice denied.

O ye who love the soul's free air,  
Who seek the larger hope, arise!  
For truth and justice do and dare!  
Who cares to live when Freedom dies?

#### NEW YEAR

A NOTHER flower this day I bring—  
Love's unassuming offering;  
Perchance it may a fragrance leave,  
That will a pleasant memory weave  
Through all the year now opening.

This day to you fond wishes wing;  
Dear heart, may their sweet blossoming  
In life's fair garden interweave  
Another flower!

And may a quiet fragrance cling  
To every flower the kind fates fling  
About your path; ne'er cause to grieve  
May your contented heart receive;  
And each succeeding year still bring  
Another flower!

## MUSIC IN THE AIR

“**A** LAS! I cannot sing,”  
You sighed awhile ago;  
But odors of the Spring  
Nor rhyme nor rhythm know;  
And perfumes of the rose  
One hardly would call prose.

There is no need to be  
A lark or nightingale  
To turn to poesy  
E'en life's habitual, “Hail”;  
A friendly hand and heart  
Exceed the minstrel's art.

The world is all a-tune,  
And all the leaves beat time,  
And even winter's rune  
Presages Springtime's rhyme;  
And friendship in heart-beats  
Life's rhythm but repeats.

## L'ENVOI

**M**AY friendship's ministry to thee be kind,  
And all life's sad remembrances efface!  
Bring back the joys, reluctantly resigned  
To hope! And that thou mayest their comfort find,  
I wish thee thine own wish in every place!

*May my poor measures also hearten thee,  
And all the singing stops of joy release!  
May they retune the inharmonious key,  
And lend to life's completed melody  
An undertone of sweet content and peace!*

AFTERGLOW

**T**HE symbol does not more  
Than faintly shadow the reality;  
The exquisite and evanescent rose  
May open wide the door  
Of Beauty, but it cannot ever be  
Th' Unknown alone should to the soul disclose  
Itself in symbol's lore;  
That life the soul conceives, eternity  
Breathes now, and immortality bestows.

## CONSIDER THE LILIES

*Matt. VI. 28-29.*

L IKE one of these, art hath not made  
Apparel that our eyes can please;  
Even Solomon was not arrayed  
Like one of these.

Consider how they grow at ease  
And leisure, dancing in the glade  
Like butterflies upon the breeze.

Then be not thou with burdens weighed;  
If He a flower's need o'ersees,  
Thou, too, shalt on His care be laid,  
Like one of these.

## WHAT THE CHILD-SOUL SAID TO THE MOTHER

*In heaven their angels do always behold the face of my father.*—MATT. XVIII. 10.

**A**S I beheld God's face,  
I heard Love calling me  
Out of the boundless space,  
Across life's mystery.  
Across life's mystery  
Will grief and pain wait me,  
If I, beguiled, become a child,  
And come to dwell with thee?

But love constraineth me  
With its soft, mother call,  
And I must needs choose thee  
To bear me through earth's thrall.  
To bear me through earth's thrall,  
Up to love's highest bliss,  
I need to know Life's weal and woe,  
And feel a mother's kiss.

So I have come to thee,  
In thy white arms to stay,  
That thou mayst mother me  
Through life's uncertain way.  
Through life's uncertain way  
Love, too, shall make thee blest,  
Until at last, our travail past,  
Both find love's perfect rest.

## WHY FEAR?

*"Why fear death? It is the most beautiful adventure in life.—The last words of Charles Frohman on the sinking Lusitania.*

WHY should I fear death's call? Can there e'er be  
In life more beautiful adventure, than  
To re-embark upon that unknown sea—  
That mystery from which love summoned me—  
Upon whose hither shore my life began?

So gently was I brought, that when life laid  
Me on time's bosom I was not aware;  
And when at length I knew that I was made  
Like her who bore me, then no more afraid  
Was I, lest love should fail of tender care.

And when with an instructed mind, I read  
The law that nature hath to me revealed,  
I know His love will satisfy each need,  
That life's adventurous hope will find its meed,  
And every lacerated heart be healed.

And I have learned, He doeth all things well.  
Yet life, from its own incompleteness, holds  
A need, instinctive, which it cannot tell—  
Of future greeting for each last farewell,  
Of happiness, united love enfolds.

All forms of life are endless; each frail vase  
Is emptied o'er and o'er—but filled again;  
And never tangled is the wondrous maze  
Of nature's melodies through endless days—  
And yet forever new and sweet to men.

Gleams hint that life upon some future waits;  
The worm cannot forecast the butterfly;  
And yet the transformation but creates  
A step in the same Nature which now mates  
Our own—and may life's mystery untie.

The butterfly, new-fledged this message brings:  
“The law, uncomprehended, I obey;  
Although the lowliest of earth-bred things,  
Even I have been reborn with urgent wings,  
And heavenward fly—who crept but yesterday.”

The earth hath given me its honied store;  
In its fair garden I have had my day;  
Now, unknown lengthening vistas to explore,  
I set my face unto that other shore,  
And with this new adventure end the Play.

In life's fair mansion I am but a guest  
And life will bring fulfillment of the gleam;  
I trust this last adventure is the best,  
The crowning of this earthly life's behest,  
The consummation of the poet's dream.

## EASTER

"**A**RISE!" went forth a mighty voice, "all ye  
That sleep!" O earthborn lily, who told thee  
To come forth with the living from the dead?  
The white-robed lily answered, "The great head  
And heart of Nature, God himself, called me.

"He said, 'The Christ is risen!' and tenderly  
My earthy cerements loosing, He bade me,  
Too,—following the way the Christ hath led—  
Arise."

Trust thou this promised Immortality,  
O troubled, doubting heart! Fear not that He,  
Who wakes the lowly lily from her bed,  
Whose own hands loose the graveclothes from her  
head,  
Will Easter Day forget to say to thee,  
"Arise!"

## A WHISPER OF HEAVEN

**I**MPRISONED in the shell  
Are echoes of the far-off ocean's roar.  
May not our hopes of Immortality,  
That deep within us dwell—  
Instinctive to the soul, and more and more  
Insistent to the heart—may they not be  
Soul echoes of the swell,  
That ceaseless beats on an Eternal shore?

## THEN COMETH THE NIGHT

**T**HE sun hath set—but set hath not my love;  
Not set, only obscured by clouds above.  
The sun will rise—but love was earlier up;  
And with content and joy hath filled my cup.

It cannot be, love's sun will set, for lo!  
Its radiance deepens with the evening glow;  
The Night fulfills the soul's envisioned gleam,  
And is the consummation of love's dream.

## THE CALL OF THE SEA

THE sea, the crooning, mothering sea  
And human sympathy—together.

The sea was ever kind to me,  
And sweet is human sympathy.

I hear the call, but know not whether  
'Tis from the sea,—or, dear, from thee.

Although the sea inspires like wine,  
Without Love's touch—so deft at smoothing  
Care's rumpled pillow—I would pine;  
And though broad-breasted and benign,  
Do pain and heartache find their soothing  
Upon her bosom—or on thine?

The sea hath harmonies that throng  
The soul, some answering chord entreating;  
But do these strains, heart-tuned and strong,  
To ocean's orchestra belong?  
The sea's refrain, are they repeating?—  
Or are they thy fond, wistful song?

## SINGING HARP-STRINGS

LIFE holds no music like the symphony  
Of heart-caressing chords that throb and thrill  
Under the friendly hand of sympathy;  
It haunts my loneliness; that harp-string's trill  
Still sings within my heart its melody  
E'en though to other ears the harp is still.

## A BRIDAL SONG

ONCE a little wandering Sunbeam,  
In celestial tire arrayed,  
Came, and filled our home with sunshine,—  
And behold! the sunshine stayed;  
  
Filled the home with smiles and laughter,  
Kept the bloom upon the rose,  
Gave to life new heart and savor,  
Until now—the sunshine goes.  
  
Though the hearthstone be o'erclouded,  
Love knows,—though the footsteps roam,—  
Our dear Sunbeam keeps on shining;  
It but lights another home.

## HEAVEN IS HERE

**A**ND where is Heaven, think'st thou?  
Beyond earth's boundary—  
So hid in mystery,  
We reach it only at life's end,  
And know  
Not even where, nor when, nor how?  
Not so!  
If we but rightly apprehend,  
It is the love in mother's eyes;  
It is the pledge of nature's skies,  
The blossoming devotion of the bough;  
It is in baby's happy smiles,  
In sympathy, that grief beguiles,  
And in true service to a friend.  
My Heaven ever lies  
In love's dear eyes,—  
In tender words, that deathless trust avow.  
Love is creation's source and end,  
The purpose of the world God planned;  
Love is the only Promised Land,  
And love is Heaven—and Heaven is here and now.

## THE DIVINE SECRET

WHEN we together set our sail  
The hither shore of love to find,  
What terrene tides or winds avail  
To reach the goal hid in the mind?

Earth's heights and depths may be explored,  
But love's domain can never be;  
Immeasurable, it stretches toward  
The confines of Eternity.

Imagination's realm is fair,  
And argosies of beauty sail  
From that mysterious region where  
Only God's love may lift the veil.

God's love is joy. The universe  
Is vibrant with creative song,  
Whose harmonies His love rehearse,  
And His beneficence prolong.

God's joy is love, which Nature hides  
In flower and tree, in clay and man;  
And her behests are sovereign guides,  
Because interpreting God's plan.

And from these dimly visioned heights,  
E'en though the way seems barred, the soul  
God's purposed happiness invites,  
To compass and complete life's whole.

## THE VISION FROM THE HEIGHTS

*Isaiah LII. 7.*

**H**OW beautiful upon  
The mountains are the feet  
Of them that tidings bring  
Of Love—God's own heartbeat!

Upon the mountain tops  
The soul steps from the sod  
Of earthly thought upon  
A nearer path to God;

And finds His perfectness,  
As from each summit gained  
There stretch forth heights beyond—  
Ideals to be attained.

What though they be obscured  
By mists of earth's desire!  
Above the clouds their peaks  
Eternally aspire.

## THE MOUNTAINS ARE HIS TEMPLE

If just beyond earth's veiling clouds is heaven,  
Then surely here a path to heaven is given;  
For, far beyond the reach of human eye,  
Stretch peak on peak into the eternal sky,  
As stepping stones, which shape an earthly stair  
To knowledge of God's constancy and care—  
To apprehension of His presence and  
The nearness of His all-supporting hand.

Here the o'er-arching sky bends down to cloister weary  
feet  
That from life's pilgrimage and empty quest seek a  
retreat.

More grand than earthly temple is this shrine;  
Its aisles are carpeted with velvet pine;  
Its altars incensed with the breath of fir,  
Whose organ notes men's hearts to freedom stir;  
Its windows glow with every gorgeous hue  
From prismaed sunrise to the midday blue,  
And only earth-begotten blindness bars  
His presence from the sunset and the stars.

The raptured soul finds peace and joy in this majestic  
fané,  
Renews its faith, and with new strength takes up life's  
tasks again.

## THE NEW DAWN

THE world would say, my friend is dead—  
Hath rested from this earthly strife;  
But faith holds, he hath onward sped,  
And hath but found a larger life.

Is life's poor structure all we build,  
Whose tenure's bound is but a breath?  
Has life the law of love fulfilled?  
Or, why abides love after death?

Too dimly does life's vision see  
The loving Tenderness above;  
And life needs an eternity  
To know this all-encircling love.

## AN EASTER THOUGHT

THE lilies hear the Easter call,  
And wake their promise to repeat.  
Why should the cypress wreath appal?  
Can aught to love and thee befall,  
Where bides the imprint of His feet?

## HEAVEN ENFOLDS US ALL

WHAT matters it the name we bear,  
Or how God's word is understood?  
We trust His love enfolds us all,  
And know His name is, Good.

## IN HIS SERVICE

THE World maintains, the sum of living  
Is what is gained, but Love conceives,  
Life's satisfaction is in giving—  
And not what it receives.

## LOVE IS THE FULFILLING OF THE LAW

**T**O one who reads with an instructed mind  
The book of law, that nature hath unclosed,  
Conviction comes that He who guides the stars—  
Who gathereth into His benignant arms  
The lambs, and feedeth them, who slumbers not,  
Nor sleeps—can have no other name than LOVE.  
And love—this tender human love, that walks  
With us through life in varions guise, that shares  
Our burdens, soothes our sorrows, leads us even  
Beyond death's portal—is God's thought in us  
That hints the measure of His love and care.  
The Master came, with love ineffable,  
And told of kinship with that loving law,  
And taught a human phrase, "Our Father." But  
On loftier heights of thought, the soul perceives  
That God is even nearer—immanent,  
And templed in His own enduring love;  
And through the cloistered arches of this love—  
The dwelling-place of God—there echoes back  
That still, small Voice which spake on Horeb's mount;  
And the awakened soul, because it hath  
An ear to hear this Heavenly Visitor,  
Affirms its birthright to divinity,  
And claims its own identity with God.

Upon the restful bosom of this Love  
Divine, the soul is satisfied, and in

Supreme content, bears witness in itself,  
That love is the fulfilling of the Law.

### SUFFER THE CHILDREN

*Mark X. 14.*

“**S**UFFER the children to come unto me!”  
In this, the Master’s word, must my trust be.

How can I make my life spotless and sweet,  
That I lead not astray these little feet!

How can I, all begrimed, bound in sin’s bands,  
Ever be fit to hold these little hands!

If but my soul were pure, strong to withstand,  
I might the children lead to Thy right hand;

I am but weak, and so my prayer must be:  
“Suffer the children to come unto Thee!”

## A GOLDEN WEDDING

THE day was fair, the sky aglow,  
That greeted you, a happy pair,  
A full half century ago;  
Now, to what hosts—this day is fair!

Those wedding bells for fifty years  
Have rung alternate joys and knells,  
Till now a deepened love endears  
The memory of those wedding bells.

With spreading vine new leaves are grown;  
So children's children interwine  
Affection's tendrils, till is thrown  
A fresher shade—with spreading vine.

Each brings his meed of truth unstained—  
The fruitage of well-nurtured seed;  
And from each added talent gained  
In wisdom's ways, each brings his meed.

To-day all bring a new largesse  
Of loving greeting—a new Ring  
To plight, with that old-time caress,  
The blessings which to-day all bring.

These fifty years to you have brought  
Much more of happiness than tears;  
While life has many lessons taught  
Of mutual trust, these fifty years;

And life has taught, that hearts are worn,  
If not upheld by constant thought;  
That burdens shared are easiest borne;  
That love needs sunshine—life has taught.

As years go by, with ruddier glow  
May love adorn your sunset sky!  
And closer may your hearts still grow,  
And life be joy—as years go by!

This golden stair, you pass to-day—  
May it foretell a vision rare  
Of joy—when ends this mortal Way,  
And where begins Life's Golden Stair!

August 21, 1917.

#### THE MASTER SAITH

WHEN Love hath satisfied thy heart,  
Is't for thyself alone to keep?  
O wakened Soul, what is thy part?  
The Master saith, "Feed thou my sheep!"

## LOVE'S ETERNAL TROTH.

SWEET is the pain when lovers part—  
Each passioned kiss love's troth repeating;  
But every parting kiss enfolds  
The promise of another meeting.

So Love plights an eternal troth  
From realms beyond our vision's charting;  
And every kiss is Love's new pledge,  
To be redeemed, despite death's parting.

Take heart! 'Tis only for a while,  
And absence makes the lost ones dearer;  
Love wins the victory over death,  
That brings the promised meeting nearer.

## EYE HATH NOT SEEN

*It doth not yet appear what we shall be.*

*I John III: 2.*

O GRIEVING ones, whose feet still linger  
About the headstones love hath reared,  
The grave holds not the dear affection,  
Which is by memory so revered.

Think you that, "Earth to earth" is nature's  
Obituary for the dead?  
Nay; it is rather life's own promise  
That nature's round it still will tread.

What we call death is but the changing  
Of outward form of garments shed;  
And for their rehabilitation  
This pall of earth has been o'erspread.

For in the boundless realm of nature  
Not even the smallest atom dies—  
But strives, through endless transformations,  
New shapes of beauty to devise.

As elements resolve in order,  
And in predestined moulds divide,  
Who knows in what new forms of beauty  
May love and joy and memory hide?

## BE YE COMFORTED

*Red Cross Relief for the Bereaved.*

“SOMEWHERE in France,” she said, “there is a grave,  
Which all my hope and happiness contains—  
My boy, my first-born, beautiful and brave,  
Who mother, wife and home—and all things gave,  
To prove that loyalty to right still reigns.”

What has the world to give, that can repay  
For such devotion and self-sacrifice?  
And what are plaudits, praise and crowning bay  
To those who grieve for lost ones, torn away  
From life?—and it is they who pay the price.

Where is the healing balm, that can assuage  
This mortal hurt, and tender soothing bring?  
Life’s song is stilled—the bird gone from the cage,  
And tears bedim the mind’s sustaining page,  
That once was wont to give the spirit wing.

Within the heart the solace will be found,  
For it has learned, a Larger Love controls;  
And though with earthly garments love is wound,  
It is not to this earth forever bound,  
For to its sight eternity unrolls.

Behind the cloud of doubt there is a light  
That bids the lonely, sorrowing heart rejoice;

Nature herself gives promise to requite  
Love's loss— that we shall have love back to sight,  
And hear again its unforgotten voice.

•

Why may love suffer death—and not be killed?  
And how can memory haunt this life—and then,  
Forgetting all, forever more be stilled?  
Life would be vain if love were unfulfilled;  
Love is, itself, the pledge, it lives again.

That love, which ever stronger grows, constrains  
Belief, the After Life is no Perchance;  
It cannot be, the Loving Care ordains  
That for eternity death's hand detains  
Heart's love in that dumb grave somewhere in  
France.

### TRUST

WHEN we this earthly chrysalis discard,  
Existence may have unimagined charms.  
Why need we fear, because to vision barred?  
Beyond all thought and vistas yet unstarr'd,  
Are still the Everlasting Arms.

## PARTING

**B**E pitiful with thy keen sorrow,  
Inexorable and dread to-morrow!  
Take her in gentle arms alway;  
Soothe her with thoughts of yesterday!

Hath Yesterday lost its charms  
To soothe To-day in her white arms?  
The sun can ne'er set, chill and gray,  
Behind the hills of yesterday.

Fear not, dear friend! Close to my heart  
Until the end thou ever art;  
Too close to leave thee room to borrow  
Such sad forebodings of the morrow.

Therefore, dear heart, trust hopefully!  
Time cannot part my thought and thee;  
No distance, scene, nor age can stay,  
The love that overflows to-day.

And, dear, in heaven to-morrows stay  
No more; not even a yesterday  
Can ever come with shadowed brow  
To darken that eternal Now.

## TRANSLATIONS

### LA VIE

**L***A vie est vaine,  
Un peu d'amour,  
Un peu de haine;  
Et puis—bonjour.*

*La vie est breve,  
Un peu d'espoir,  
Un peu de reve;  
Et puis—bonsoir.”*

—Leon Montenaeken.

**A**H! life is vain;  
Short is love's way,  
And full of pain;  
And then—good day.

How brief life seems!  
And hope's delight  
Ends but in dreams;  
And then—good night!

### SELF RELIANCE

—Victor Hugo.

**T**HE bough bends low beneath the bird;  
But he serenely swings,  
By storm and swaying branch unstirred—  
Knowing that he hath wings.

## THE FEET OF CLAY .

“**A**LAS! my feet are clay!” Yes—but refined  
From common earth and freed from soil’s access—  
Compounded with sweet memories—combined  
With steadfastness and quick responsiveness—  
Rare, priceless clay. But have you never thought  
That it is from this self-same, earthy clay  
The statue’s first embodiment was wrought?  
Love’s chiseled perfectness, in this same way,  
Is modeled in the clay, with tears and sighs,  
Before it finds its niche in Paradise.

## “AND KEEP THE DOOR AJAR!”

**D**EAR friend, the door will be ajar—  
Will ever be ajar to you;  
There never shall be bolt nor bar  
When your desire and presence sue.  
  
So close is your companionship—  
Closer than hands, nearer than breath—  
Its goal, life’s vistas must outstrip,  
And I shall want you after death.  
  
If first I reach the Heavenly Gate,—  
Love’s promised blessing to renew,  
I shall but ask that I may wait,  
And keep the door ajar—for you.

## BEYOND THE WALL

A ROSE-TREE in our garden grew,  
And spread its branches far and wide;  
It overtopped the wall, and threw  
Some clusters on the other side.

So in our heart love's roses bloom,  
Whose fragrance ever dearer grows;  
Our garden holds the same perfume,  
E'en though we cannot see the rose.

Mourn not the loved no longer seen,  
For love is not beyond recall!  
Though thought may never pierce the screen,  
That love blooms just beyond the wall.

## IF HEARTS ARE DUST

If hearts are dust, heart's loves remain,  
And somewhere, far above the plane  
Of earthly thought—beyond the sea  
That bounds this life, they will meet thee,  
And hold thee face to face again.

And when is done life's restless reign,  
If I hereafter but regain  
Heart's love, why should I troubled be,  
If hearts are dust?

By love's indissoluble chain,  
I know the grave does not retain  
Heart's love; the very faith in me  
Is pledge of an eternity,  
Where I shall find heart's love again,  
If hearts are dust.

## LIFE MAY HAVE NEED OF DEATH

INTO the ground earth's seed is shed;  
But does it die? Within its husk  
There is a living wraith  
That hovers round its resting place,  
And keeps alive its prototype.

Into the ground are laid our dead,  
Away from life, into the dusk  
Of memory and faith—  
Torn from affection's fond embrace,  
As though a fruitage still unripe.

Behind the husk, behind the human cell,  
Which only are a mundane inheritance,  
There is a something still alive—  
Alive with independent thought and will  
Begotten not of earth;  
May not this living germ within the shell,  
That shapes its growth with neither whim nor  
chance—  
If such successive ripenings survive—  
Hint an immortal purpose to fulfill,  
That needs another birth?

Take hope, O doubting Soul! The buried seed,  
For all its pledge of life and of rebirth,  
Cannot release its vital, pregnant thought  
Within the spirit rife,

Till death resolve its cerements to earth.

May it not be, as nature now hath wrought,  
Our wistful, earth-imprisoned soul may need  
The kindly, helpful hand of Death, to lead  
Unto that larger life?

## HOPE

### I

**I**S ever happiness content,  
Though joy be given its fullest scope?  
Beyond every accomplishment  
Must be another hope.

### II

Every hope is prophecy of Heaven,  
Laughs at bonds and bars before it spread,  
Looking fondly for fulfillment, even  
After all expectancy has fled.

## HOLD THOU MY HANDS

HOLD thou my hands a little while in thine,  
Thy gentle, restful hands, dear love benign!  
Smooth out their weariness with soft caress,  
As mothers do their children's restlessness,  
With fondling hands that love and rest combine!

And when these inconsistent hands of mine  
To wayward selfishness and wrong incline,  
In tender and compassionate duress,  
Hold thou my hands!

And when I face the dark, and must resign  
Love's tender, human touch; must disentwine  
Its dear, detaining clasp; when fears depress—  
Those mortal fears I cannot quite repress  
For all my faith and trust—O Love divine,  
Hold Thou my hands!

## EVENTIDE

*Zechariah XIV. 7.*

**A**T eventide there shall be light."  
Why should I ever fear the night?  
God's love and constant care attest,  
He will not suffer me, His guest,  
To thread the dark without a light.

The light of life is love; and quite  
Content am I, if but love might  
Be near, when I lie down to rest,  
At eventide.

And love, if we but read aright,  
Is God, who is the Light of Light.  
What fear have I from Love's behest,  
When Love through life hath made me blest?  
That, Love, I trust to be my light,  
At eventide.

## THE CALLING VOICES

THE world of beauty calleth me!  
I hear the far-off forest's organ notes;  
I hear the softer music of the bees;  
I see the pageant of the clouds, like boats  
Adrift upon aerial, shoreless seas;  
I feel the solemn grandeur of the hills,  
The rapturous enchantment of the rills,  
The ceaseless witchery of flowers and trees.

The world of friendship calleth me!  
Love may a larger happiness impart;  
For though the heart of nature brings repose,  
The sense of nearness to the human heart  
Gives greater joy than forest, hill or rose;  
It every need and longing satisfies,  
Unlocks the golden gate of Paradise,  
And immortality on life bestows.

The world of fancy calleth me!  
If beauty and heart's love have taken flight,  
Then in the peace of my own soul I hide,  
And seek upon imagination's height,  
In gladness and contentment to abide,  
And out of hope, desire and memory,  
And visions of a waiting Arcady,  
A secret palace of delight provide.

The world beyond is calling me !  
But over joy and earthly love and dream,  
    When gleams and glimpses fill the opal west,  
There stretches a new radiance—a beam  
    That makes a path unto Love's perfect rest.  
The twilight slowly deepens into night,  
And I, serene, await the Morning Light,  
    When life shall find fulfillment of its quest.

### SUNSET

THE sun sinks low, and the shadow  
    Steals slowly across my heart;  
But we shall meet in the Morning,  
    And never more shall part.

## L'ENVOI

*A*NOTHER leaf in life's mysterious book  
To-day is turned. O friend beloved, I leave  
With you these humble flowers to mark the page,  
And haply give a perfume to the place,  
Which shall add fragrance unto all its leaves.

*That I might share with you the exquisite  
Delight that memory brings, I've sought to lay  
Upon these pages nuances of tint  
And color, to enliven hope—with here  
And there a study of life's meaning, worked  
Sometimes in smiles, sometimes in tears—if they  
Might wake long-silent chords of joy within  
Your heart, recapture your far-wandering thoughts,  
And lead them back to Arcady—and me.*

WITH THIS YEAR'S PEACE ON EARTH  
COME MEMORIES OF LOVED ONES LOST  
TO SIGHT. IN OUR GREETINGS, SHALL  
WE NOT ALSO GREET THEM? THIS  
THOUGHT IS SENT TO YOU, WITH THE  
ESTEEM AND CORDIAL GREETINGS OF  
THE AUTHOR

# Was It a Dream?

By

JAMES TERRY WHITE



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## WAS IT A DREAM?

*Is it a dream?*

*Nay! but the lack of it, the dream;  
And failing it, life, love and wealth, a dream—  
And all the world. a dream.*

*Walt Whitman*

## FOREWORD

WHILE we may know that from the nest  
The new-fledged birds have flown,  
Upon what quest is all unguessed,  
And in what refuge they take rest,  
Remains to us unknown.

But we have reminiscent gleams  
When our belovéd sleep—  
Celestial beams, and then it seems,  
That some stray thoughts transcend life's dreams,  
And into glory peep!

## WAS IT A DREAM?

THE calling voices of an August day  
In paths forbidden wooed my feet to stray.  
Why should my kindly nurse bid me avoid  
Life-giving sunshine which my pain destroyed?  
Today my heart is glad, my spirits high,  
And pulse so strong I fear not I shall die!  
Then woke the thought—the world was made for life;  
The whole creation is with beauty rife,  
Which has no part in death; life's constant bloom  
Protests against annihilation's doom.  
Life has a larger promise—life set free.  
And, too, there must a larger meaning be  
To life's great Happiness, seen as a whole,  
Flowing eternally from Beauty's soul.

Absorbed, I took no note that I had passed  
Outside the sheltering shade; when all aghast  
I realized I could not hear or see.  
A feeling weird and strange crept over me,  
That I had lost my way; and then there closed  
About me waves of darkness. But, composed  
And calm, I reasoned,—'tis a fainting spell,  
As into deep unconsciousness I fell.

It scarcely seemed a moment ere I woke.  
I saw some passing friends, to whom I spoke;  
But so absorbed were they, alas! they failed

To see, or even hear, me when I hailed.  
Renewed in body and in mind, I took  
The old familiar path across the brook,  
With fuller sense of joy, well-being, peace,  
Contentment and renewal of life's lease.

I reached my gate. I smelled the welcoming box;  
I saw the gay, coquettish hollyhocks  
Setting their caps at the adventurous bees;  
And all my roses smiled, and nodded—these  
Dear flowers seemed my glad return to greet,  
While friendly crickets chattered of the heat.  
Then I went in, sank in my easy chair  
Before the looking-glass—without a care.  
I noted all the simple, common things—  
The old-time reminiscent furnishings  
About the room, the book shelves grave and tall,  
My long-dead mother's portrait on the wall  
Behind my chair,—that she might look on me,  
With eyes it was not given to me to see.

I turned from her, and looked into the glass.  
Did sight deceive me? What had come to pass?  
Was it the fancy of a fevered brain?  
A great fear gripped me—had I gone insane?  
Although I saw the portrait, chair and shelf,—  
*The glass showed no reflection of myself!*

Distraught, I hastened out to learn if I,  
Or, possibly the world, were all awry.

Adown the old familiar path I ran,  
Until I came to where my swoon began;  
And there I saw in a disheveled heap,  
What might have been a weary man asleep ;  
I wondered whether he had swooned like me,  
And lifting his limp shoulders to my knee,  
I looked into the face I deemed unknown,—  
*The pallid face I looked at—was my own!*

A thought oppressed my mind.—Then who am I?  
Yet here were my familiar haunts, the sky,  
The sun still shining—though it shone more bright.  
All seemed the same—but whence this wondrous light  
Which added a new glory to the scene,  
As though dissolving some ethereal screen?  
I was aware that all my former pain  
Had vanished—that I now seemed young again.  
There was a sense of joy and peace—the best  
Of life at last attained. “Ah, this is rest!”  
I said.

Then spake a Voice, serene and sweet—  
My mother’s voice heard in my dreams, replete  
With tenderness and yearning, and that seemed  
Th’ embodiment of love—of which I dreamed.  
Orphaned at birth, my mother seemed the bond  
That linked me with the mystical Beyond,  
For I had often felt her presence near;  
And now it was her voice I recognized,

It said, in tones familiar to my ear:  
“Yes, rest, Belovéd! You have realized  
That under you are Everlasting Arms.”

I asked: “Am I, indeed, above earth’s harms?  
Have I then yielded up my mortal breath?”

“Nay,” answered she, “there’s no such thing as death!”

The Voice seemed clothed with personality,  
And so I asked, to solve the mystery:  
“Do the Departed then to earth return?”

“None are Departed! That lone burial-urn  
Marks but the turning in the road we tread.  
Though out of sight, I’ve been with you since birth,  
Have led you upward from the lure of earth,  
Till your love dreamed of me. To me you’re led  
Because I would be first your face to meet  
At Heaven’s Gate,—your coming home to greet.  
Dim visions you have sometimes had of me  
Through earthly ties, but you I always see.  
Your love is fostered by the love divine;  
My mother-love makes you forever mine!  
We recognition of each other find  
Only as soul meets soul, and mind meets mind;—  
For Memory hath never lost the art  
To conjure up love’s image in the heart,  
And into living, close communion bring  
Our love—from earth, or Heaven, on instant wing.

From human love, a love diviner springs,  
Which spurs man's quest for the Unknown. He wings  
His way through air; he wings his thought through  
space,  
And seeks the way of spirit-life to trace.  
As needle to the pole—more constant even,  
The soul's 'sense of direction' leads to Heaven,  
And learns at length, that through the various creeds  
Runs but one path—the way to serve men's needs."

Remembering where my own researches led,  
I reasoned: "Then, indeed, I must be dead."

The Voice replied: "Life ends not! How can you  
Be dead? Have you been looking for some new  
And sudden change? Life is your being's weft;—  
God's pattern only grows by gentle, sweet  
Transitions."

"But," I said, "I have not left  
Earth life. 'Tis here I live—this is my street.  
How can I now be dead, while I am still  
Alive?"

"This is your mortal view. You will  
By slow degrees behold a change, as you  
Already see things changed."

"Twas true.  
I noted there had been a gradual change—  
A transmutation of all things;—a strange

And new perception of their inner sense—  
A sense of love's fulfillment, more intense;  
What had been matter, now I saw as thought;  
The Universe with purpose full was fraught;  
New vistas of endeavor opened wide,  
And every dear desire was satisfied.  
Then dawned a sudden doubt,—if I am dead  
Why cannot I see God?

The Voice then said:  
“Are you not seeing Him? And what did you  
Expect to see?”

My creed passed in review.  
I had been taught, God reigned upon a throne,  
And high at His right hand . . . but that's outgrown!

With calm authority the Voice then spake,  
As though assurance of the truth to make:  
“In sunrise and in sunset you see God;  
In trees and flowers, in the sky and clod!  
There's not one life with God—another life  
Away from Him. His is one world, and rife  
With blessings, in which He is All in All!  
His omnipresence looks behind the wall;  
And He may seem Unseen—beyond the clouds;  
But there is no Beyond! His presence crowds  
The Universe with one continual Here!  
What we shall be, it doth not yet appear!

But Heaven is not another world, nor even  
An after world; but everywhere is Heaven!  
And Heaven is love, where memory shall find  
Earth's loved ones, and in closer union bind;—  
Where human ministries find wider scope,  
In consummation of the larger hope."

Then I awoke. 'It had been all a dream!  
And yet, was it a dream? . . . or spirit-gleam  
From a new life, continuing our own  
In realms beyond our ken—to thought unknown?—  
It might be 'twas from Heaven, an open scroll,  
Vouching, that soul communion hath with soul;  
For ever consciousness communicates  
With consciousness, and love with love re-mates.  
And oft 'tis true—when our belovéd sleep  
We have far-reaching, reminiscent gleams,  
When yearning thoughts, indeed, transcend life's  
dreams,  
O'erleap the gulf—and into glory peep.

Then dawned on me a Light as from above,—  
How small my sheaf of knowledge of God's love!  
But in my mother's hands I leave the sheaf:—  
Lord, I believe; help Thou my unbelief!

*Christmas, 1918.*

## MY FAITH

I KNOW not what the future holds in store;  
    But this I know,  
Beyond His brooding love, forever more  
    I cannot go.

And when I stand before the Judgment seat,  
    Without a trace  
Of craven fear, I shall my Maker meet,  
    And plead my case:—

"Alas! my will was weak, my feet were frail,  
    And prone to stray;  
But I was given visions of the Grail,  
    And kept the way.

To seek on earth that Love, hath been my creed.  
    And Thou hast shown  
That earthly love, for which we have such need,  
    Reflects Thine own.

And Love hath given me of her sweet store  
    With measure free;  
But why should Love have entered at my door  
    So willingly,

Unless my house were garnished and clean swept,—  
    A place of rest,—

A home, in which a separate room is kept  
For every guest!

And to my door Love many friends hath brought;  
And they have even  
Shown more than how to live, for they have taught . . .  
The Way to Heaven!

So judge me not by what I seem to be!  
Affection lends  
The virtues which our friends possess; judge me  
By these—my friends!

And, by the love I have for those I now  
About me see—  
Of which Thy unseen presence breathes—judge Thou  
My love for Thee!

## CONSUMMATION

NOT poppies—plant not poppies on my grave!  
I want no anodyne to make me sleep;  
I want that All-Bestowing Power, who gave  
Immortal love to life, and which we crave—  
The promise of a larger life, to keep.

What that may be I know not—no one knows;  
But since love's graces I have striven to gain,  
Plant o'er my soon-forgotten dust, a rose—  
That flower which in love's garden ever blows—  
That thus a fragrant memory may remain.

For my fond hope has been, that I might leave  
A Flowering—even in the wayside grass—  
A Touch of Bloom, life's grayness to relieve—  
A Beauty, they who follow may perceive,  
That hints the scent of roses—as they pass.

## WE SHALL REMEMBER THEM

THEY sleep beneath no immemorial yews;  
Their resting place no temple arches hem;  
No blazoned shaft or graven tablet woos  
Men's praise—and yet, we shall remember them.

The unforgetting clouds shall drop their tears;  
The winds in ceaseless lamentation, wail,  
For God's white Knights are lying on their biers,  
Who pledged their service to restore the Grail.

They gave their lives to make the whole world free;  
They recked not to what flag they were assigned,  
The Starry Banner, Cross, or Fleur-de-lis—  
Their sacrifice was made for all mankind.

For them the task is done, the strife is stilled;  
No more shall care disturb, nor zeal condemn;  
And when the larger good has been fulfilled,  
In coming years we shall remember them.

How can the world their deeds forget? In France  
White crosses everywhere lift pallid hands,  
Like silent sentinels with sword and lance,  
To keep their memory safe for other lands.

What need have they for holy sepulture?

Within the hearts of men is hallowed ground—  
A sanctuary where they rest secure,  
And with Love's immortality are crowned.

And far-off voices of the future sing,  
“They shall remain in memory's diadem”;  
And winds of promise still are whispering  
That same refrain, “We shall remember them.”



